The VALIANTS of VIRGI TALLIE ERMINIE RIVES POST WHEELER)

ILLUSTRATED & LAUREN STOUT SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—John Valiant, a rich society favorite, suddenly discovers that the Valiant corporation, which his father founded and which was the principal source of his wealth, has failed.

CHAPTER II-He voluntarily turns over his private fortune to the receiver for the corporation.

CHAPTER III—His entire remaining possessions consist of an old motor car, a white bull dog and Damory court, a neglected estate in Virginia.

CHAPTER IV—He learns that this estate came into the family by royal grant and has been in the possession of the Valiants ever since.

CHAPTER V-On the way to Damory court he meets Shirley Dandridge, an auburn-haired beauty, and decides that he is going to like Virginia immensely.

ley's fortune and predicts great trouble for her on account of a man. CHAPTER VII—Uncle Jefferson, an old negro, takes Valiant to Damory court.

CHAPTER VIII—Shirley's mother, Mrs. Dandridge, and Major Bristow exchange reminiscences during which it is revealed that the major, Valiant's father, and a man named Sassoon, were rivals for the hand of Mrs. Dandridge in her youth. Sassoon and Valiant fought a duel on her account in which the former was killed. CHAPTER IX-Vallant finds Damory court overgrown with weeds and creep-ers and the buildings in a very much neglected condition. Uncle Jefferson and his wife, Aunt Daphne, are engaged as

CHAPTER X-Valiant explores his ancestral home. He is surprised by a fox hunting party which invades his estate. He recognizes Shirley at the head of the

CHAPTER XI-He gives sanctuary to the cornered fox. Gossips discuss the advent of the new owner and recall the tragedy in which the elder Valiant took CHAPTER XII-Vallant decides to re-

habilitate Damory court and make the land produce a living for him. CHAPTER XIII—He meets Shirley, who has been gathering flowers on the Vallant estate, and reveals his identity to her.

She glanced at him covertly, anhoyedly sensible of the impropriety of the discussion, since the man discussed was certainly his patron, maybe his friend. But his insistence had roused a certain balky wilfulness that would have its way. "It's true I've never seen him," she said, "but I've read about him a hundred times in the Sunday supplements. He's a regular feature of the high-roller section. His idea of a good time is a dog-banquet at Sherry's. Why, a girl told me once that there was a cigarette named after him-the Vanity Valiant!"

"Isn't that beside the point? Because he has been an idler, must he necessarily be a-vandal?"

call it vandalism. He'd think it decided improvement to make Damory Court as frantically different as possible. I suppose he'll erect a glass cupola and a porte-cochere, all up-toand varnishy, and put orchid hotsises where the wilderness garden and a modern marble cupid instead of the summer-house, and lay

out a kite-shaped track-" Everything that was impulsive and explosive in John Valiant's nature came out with a bang. "No!" he cried, "whatever else he is, he's not

such a preposterous ass as that!" She faced him squarely now. Her eyes were sparkling. "Since you know him so intimately and so highly approve of him-"

"No, no," he interrupted. "You mistake me. I shouldn't try to justify him." His flush had risen to the roots of his brown hair, but he did not lower his gaze. Now the red color slowly ebbed, leaving him pale. "He has been an idler-that's true enough -and till a week ago he was 'idiotically rich.' But his idling is over now. At this moment, except for this one property, he is little better than a beggar.

She had taken a hasty step or two back from him, and her eyes were now fixed on his with a dawning half-fearful question in them.

"Till the failure of the Valiant Corporation, he had never heard of Damory Court, much less been aware that he owned it. It wasn't because he loved it that he came here-no! How could it be? He had never set foot in Virginia in his mortal life." She put up her hands to her throat

with a start. "Came?" she echoed, "But if you think that even he could be so crassly stupid, so monumentally

blind to all that is really fine and "Oh!" she cried with flashing com-



The Next Moment, With Clenched Teeth, He Was Viciously Stamping His Heel Again and Again.

rehension. "Oh, how could you! He nodded curtly. "Yes," he said. I am that haphazard harlequin, John Valiant, himself,

CHAPTER XIV.

On the Edge of the World. ain then with icy slowness. "Though ness in his limbs.

no doubt you-found it entertaining. It must have still further amused you to be taken for an architect?"

"I am flattered," he replied, with a

trace of bitterness, "to have suggested even for a moment, so worthy a call-

At his answer she put out her hand with sudden gesture, as if bluntly thrusting the matter from her concern, and turning went back along the tree-shadowed path.

He followed glumly; gnawing his lip, wanting to say he knew not what, but wretchedly tongue-tied, noting that the great white moth was still waving its creamy wings on the dead stump and wondering if she would take the cape jessamines. He felt an CHAPTER VI-An old negro tells Shirembarrassed relief when, passing the roots where they lay, she stooped to raise them.

Then all at once the blood seemed to shrink from his heart. With a hoarse cry he leaped toward her, seized her wrist and roughly dragged her back, feeling as he did so, a sharp flery sting on his instep. The next moment, with clenched teeth, he was viciously stamping his heel again and again, driving into the soft earth a twisting root-like something that slapped the brown wintered leaves into a hissing turmoil.

He had flung her from him with such violence that she had fallen sidewise. Now she raised herself, kneeling in the feathery light, both hands clasped close to her breast, trembling excessively with loathing and feeling the dun earth-floor billow like a canvas sea in a theater. Little puffs of dust from the protesting ground were wreathing about her set face, and she pressed one hand against her shoulder to repress her shivers.

"The horrible - horrible - thing!" she said whisperingly. "It would have bitten me!"-

He came toward her, panting, and grasping her hand, lifted her to her feet. He staggered slightly as he did so, and she saw his lips twist together oddly. "Ah," she gasped, "it bit you! It bit you!"

"No," he said, "I think not." "Look! There on your ankle-that

moment." He laughed uncertainly. tears came, strangling sobs that bent "It's queer. My foot's gone fast and swayed her. It was the discharge son. And he isn't a man who's just ter-morrow. Mars' Valiant he tell me

asleep. Every remnant of color left her face. She had known a negro child who had died of a water-moccasin's She laughed again. "He wouldn't house-servant. It had been wading in the creek in the gorge. The doctor had said then that if one of the other children. * * *

She grasped his arm. "Sit down," she commanded, "here, on this log, and see."

Her pale fright caught him. He obeyed, dragged off the low shoe and bared the tingling spot. The firm white flesh was puffing up around two tiny blue-rimmed punctures. He reached into his pocket, then remembered that he had no knife. As the next best thing he knotted his handkerchief quickly above the ankle. thrust a stick through the loop and twisted it till the ligature cut deeply, while she knelt beside him, her lips

moving soundlessly, saying over and over to herself words like these: "I must not be frightened. He doesn't realize the danger, but I do! I must be quite collected. It is a mile to the doctor's. I might run to the house and send Unc' Jefferson, but it would take too long. Besides, the doctor might not be there. There is no one

She crouched beside him, putting her hands by his on the stick and wrenching it over with all her strength. "Tighter, tighter," she said. "It must be tighter." But, to her dismay, at the last turn the improvised cord snapped, and the released stick flew a dozen feet away.

to do anything but me."

He leaned back on one arm, trying might well have dried at their fount to laugh, but she noted that his breath came shortly as if he had been running. "Absurd!" he said, frowning. "How such-a fool thing-can hurt!" Suddenly she threw herself on the ground and grasped the foot with both hands. He could see her face twitch with shuddering, and her eyes dilating

with some determined purpose. "What are you going to do?" "This," she said, and he felt her shrinking lips, warm and tremulous, pressed hard against his instep.

He drew away sharply, with savage denial. "No-no! Not that! You shan't! My lord-you shan't!" He dragged his numbing foot from her desperate grasp, lifting himself, pushing her from him; but she fought with him, clinging, panting broken sen-

"You must! It's the only way. It was-a moccasin, and it's deadly. Every minute counts!"

"I won't. No, stop! How do you mow? It's not going to-here, listen! Take your hands away. Listen!-Listen! I can go to the house and send Uncle Jefferson for the doctor and he -No! stop, I say! Oh-I'm sorry if I hurt you. How strong you are!"

"No! Your lips are not for thatgood God, that damnable thing! You yourself might be-"

"Let me! Oh, how cruel you are! It was my fault. But for me it would "No! I would rather-"

"Let me! Oh, if you died!" With all the force of her strong protestant hands. A thirst and a sickish feeling were upon him, a curious which that struggle had brought in

consciousness jumbled with strange imaginings, followed. At times he felt lightly about in the growing dusk, had not done for years. kles. At times he thought himself a recumbent stone statue in a wood, and her a great tall golden-headed halted, looking smilingly about at the The reading-lamp had been lighted flower lying broken at his feet. Again blossoming bowls. he was a granite boulder and she a a sense of movement and of troublous

disturbance, of insistent voices that

called to him and inquisitive hands

growing distant again, and hands fall-

ing away, and at last-silence.

the sunlight when Shirley came from | quick." Damory Court, along the narrow woodpath under the hemlocks, and the way and filled with sighing noises. She walked warily, halting often at some leafy rustle to catch a quick breath of dread. As she approached the treeroots where the cape jessamines lay, she had to force her feet forward by sheer effort of will. At a little distance from them she broke a stick and with it managed to drag the bunch to her, turning her eyes with a shiver from the trampled spot near by. She picked up the flowers, and treading with caution, retraced her steps to the

She stepped into the Red Road at length in the teeth of a thunder-storm, which had arisen almost without warning to break with the passionate intensity of electric storms in the South.

wider path.

There was no shelter, but even had there been, she would not have sought it. The turbulence of nature around her matched, in a way, her overstrained feeling, and she welcomed the fierce bulge of the wind in the up-blowing whorls of her hair and the drenching wetness of the rain. She tried to fix her mind on near things, the bending grasses, the scurrying red runnels and flapping shrubbery, but her thoughts wilfully escaped the tether, turning again and again to the events of the last two hours. She pictured Unc' Jefferson's eyes rolling up in ridiculous alarm, his winnowing

arm lashing his indignant mule in his flight for the doctor. At the mental picture she choked with hysterical laughter, then cringed suddenly against the sopping bark. She saw again the doctor's gaze lift from his first examination of the tiny punctures to send a swift penetrant glance at her, before he bent his great body to carry the unconscious man to Again a fit of shuddering "I did feel something, just that first swept over her. Then, all at once, there! Doctor Southall told Mrs. Mar dah-bresh ez thick. I gwineter fix dat tense bow-string and it brought re- really truly man that owns it!" lief. After a time she grew quieter. He would get well! The thought about?" had never seen him! She kneeled in come to Damory Court. He-" the blurred half-light, pushing her wet | The small book Mrs. Dandridge held hair back from her forehead and smil- fell to the floor. "The owner! What ing up in the rain that still fell fast. owner?" In a few moments she rose and went on. she paused to fish out a draggled Rich- fallen volume and put it into her

mond newspaper. As she thrust it under her arm her eye caught a word of a head-line. With a flush she tore it from its soggy wrapper, the wetted fiber parting in her eager fingers, and resting her foot on the lower rail of the gate, spread it open on her knee. She stood stock-still until she had read the whole. It was the story of

John Valiant's sacrifice of his private fortune to save the ruin of the involved corporation. Its effect upon her was a shock. She what she had said to him: "What

furnish spicy paragraphs for the society columns?" "What a beast I was!" she said, addressing the wet hedge. "He had just done that splendid thing. It was because of that that he was little better than a beggar, and I said those horrible things!" Again she bent her eyes, rereading the sentences: "Took his detractors by surprise * * * Her heart leaped chokingly, then had just sustained a grilling at the dropped into hammer-like thudding. hands of the state's examiner which

> the springs of sympathy." She crushed up the paper in her hand and rested her forehead on the wet rail. Idiotically rich-a vandala useless, purse-proud flaneur. She had called him all that! She could girl's head. still see the paleness of his look as

she had said it. Shirley, overexcited as she still was, felt the sobs returning. These, however, did not last long and in a moment she found herself smiling again. Though she had hurt him, she had saved him, too! When she whispered this over to herself it still thrilled and startled her. She folded the paper and hastened on under the cherry-

Emmaline, the negro maid was waiting anxiously on the porch. She was thin to spareness, with a face as brown as a tobacco leaf, restless black eyes and wool neatly pinned and set

off by an amber comb. "Honey," called Emmaline, "I'se been fearin' fo' yo' wid all that lightnin' r'arin' eroun'. Yo' got th' jess'mine? Give 'em to Em'line. She'll fix 'em all nice, jes' how Mis' Judith like." "All right, Emmaline," replied Shirley. "And I'll go and dress. Has

mother missed me?" "No'm. SLe ain' lef' huh room this whole blessed day. Now yo' barth's all ready-all 'cep'n th' hot watah, en I sen' Ranston with that th' fus' thing. Yo' hurry en peel them wet close off yo'se'f, or yo' have one o'

them digested chills." ang body she wrenched away his hot water despatched, the negro woman spread a cloth on the floor and you?" irresponsible giddiness, and her hair of the flowers. This done she fetched pause. "I-knew his father." the was a pause not to be reck.

The was a pause not to be reck. house, quite vanquishing the rose mother more brilliant. An odd excite Phone 463-3 Richmond, Ky. RR 4

Moments of half-consciousness, or scent from the arbors.

ily-shod feet. On the lower step she it should have happened today!"

vine with yellow leaves winding and house?" said Emmaline. "I know'd and held to the light a little locketclinging about him. Then a blank- y'o be pleas', Mis' Judith. Now put brooch it carried. It was of black enyo' han' on mah shouldah en I'll take amel, with a tiny laurel-wreath of yo' to yo' big cha'h."

to take th' damp out, en th' big lamp's she looked closely for a moment.



But More Than Once Shirley Saw Her Hands Clasp Themselves Together.

gold, against whose flowing sleeves her bare arms showed with a flushed pinkness the hue of the pale coral beads about her neck. The damp newspaper was in her hand.

At her step her mother turned her head: she was listening intently to tered notselessly, and she could see voices that came from the garden-a his bent form vibrating in the gloom. child's shrill treble opposing Ranston's stentorian grumble.

"Listen, Shirley. What's that Ric- do that, How is he?" key is telling Ranston?"

count play-actin'. Cyan' fool Ranston he say he be all right in er few days, wid no sich snek-story, neidah. Ain' on'y he gotter lay up er while. Dat no moc'sin at Dam'ry Co'ot, en neb- was er ugly nip he got f'om dat 'spisbah was!"

"There was, too!" insisted Rickey. "Do you think there can be any "One bit him and Miss Shirley found others about the grounds?" him and sent Uncle Jefferson for Doc- "No'm. Dey mos'ly keeps tor Southall and it saved his life! So ma'sh-lan' en on'y runs whah de unof the Leyden jar, the loosing of the come to fix it up, either; he's the ter grub et all out en make er bon-"Who on earth is that child talking

bite some years before—the child of a that perhaps she had saved his life Shirley put her arm around her gave her a thrill that ran over her mother and kissed her. Her heart his voice stopped her. whole body. And until yesterday she was beating quickly. "The owner has

> "Mr. Valiant - Mr. John Valiant. At the gate of the Rosewood lane The son of the man who abandoned stood a mail-box on a cedar post and it so long ago." As she picked up the

mother's hands, Shirley was startled by the whiteness of her face. "Dearest!" she cried. "You are ill. You shouldn't have come down."

"No. It's nothing. I've been shut up all day. Go and open the other window." Shirley threw it wide. "Can I get

your salts?" she asked anxiously. Her mother shook her head. "No." she said, almost sharply. "There's nothing whatever the matter with me. Only my nerves aren't what they used felt her throat swell as she read; then to be, I suppose-and snakes always she was chilled by the memory of did get on them. Now, give me the gist of it first. I can wait for the rest. has he ever done except play polo and | There's a tenant at Damory Court. And his name's John-Valiant. And he was bitten by a moccasin. When?"

"This afternoon." Mrs. Dandridge's voice shook, "Will

he-will he recover?" "Oh, yes." "Beyond any question?" "The doctor says so." "And you found him, Shirley-

"I was there when it happened." She had crouched down on the rug in her favorite posture, her coppery hair against her mother's knee, catching strange reddish over-tones like molten metal, from the shaded lamp. Mrs. Dandridge fingered her cane nervously. Then she dropped her hand on the

"Now," she said, "tell me all about

CHAPTER XV.

The Anniversary. The story was not a long one, though it omitted nothing: the morning fox-hunt and the identification of the new arrival at Damory Court as the owner of yesterday's stalled motor; the afternoon raid on the jessamine, the conversation with John Va-

Mrs. Dandridge, gazing into the fire, listened without comment, but more than once Shirley saw her hands clasn themselves together and thought, too, that she seemed strangely pale. The swift and tragic sequel to that meeting was the hardest to tell, and as she ended she put up her hand to her shoulder, holding it hard. "It was horrible!" she said. Yet now she did not shudder. Strangely enough, the sense of loathing which had been surging over her at recurrent intervals ever since that hour in the wood,

liant in the woods.

had vanished utterly! She read the newspaper article aloud and her mother listened with an expression that puzzled her. When she finished, both were silent for a Her young mistress flown and the moment, then she asked, "You must

ment was flooding her cheek with red As the trim colored woman moved and she chatted and laughed as she

the pressure upon the wounded foot, with the low click of glass and muf- But after dinner the gaiety and efwas sensible of the suction of the fled clash of silver, the light tat-tat of fervescence faded quickly and Mrs. young mouth striving desperately to a cane sounded, and she ran to the Dandridge went early to her room. draw the poison from the wound. hall, where Mrs. Dandridge was de- She mounted the stair with her arm From time to time he was conscious scending the stairway, one slim white thrown about Shirley's pliant waist. of a white desperate face haloed with | hand holding the banister, under the | At her door she kissed her, looking at hair that was a mist of woven spar- edge of a white silk shawl which her with a strange smile. "How cudrooped its heavy fringes to her daint- rious," she said, as if to herself, "that

on her table. She drew a slim gold "Don' they smell up th' whole chain from the bosom of her dress pearls on one side encircling a single They crossed the hall, the dusky diamond. The other side was of crysthat plucked at him, and then voices form bending to the fragile pressure of tal and covered a baby's russet-colthe fingers. "Now heah's yo' cha'h. ored curl. In her fingers it opened Ranston he made up a little fiah jes' and disclosed a miniature at which

Inky clouds were gathering over lit, en Miss Shirley'll be down right Her eyes turned restlessly about the room. It had been hers as a girl, for A moment later, in fact, Shirley de- Rosewood had been the old Garland scended the stair, in a filmy gown of homestead. It seemed now all at once was striped with blue-black shadows India-muslin, with a narrow belting of to be full of calling memories of her youth.

. "How strange that it should have been today!" It had been on Shirley's lips to question, but the door had closed, and she went slowly downstairs. She sat a while thinking, but at length grew restless and began to walk to and fro across the floor, her hands clasped behind her head so that the cool air filled her flowing sleeves. In the hall she could hear the leisurely kon-kon-kon of the tall clock. The evening outside was exquisitely still and the metallic monotone was threaded with the airy fiddle-fiddle of crickets in the grass and punctuated with the rain-glad cloap of a frog.

Shirley stepped lightly down to the wet grass. Looking back, she could see her mother's lighted blind. All around the ground was splotched with rose-petals, looking in the squares of light like bloody rain. She skimmed the lawn and ran a little way down the lane. A shuffling sound presently fell on her ear.

"Is that you, Unc' Jefferson?" she called softly.

"Yas'm!" The footsteps came nearer. "Et's me, Miss Shirley." He tit-"Yo' reck'n Ah done fergit?" "No, indeed. I knew you wouldn't

"He right much bettah," he replied "Don' yo' come heah wid yo' no- in the same guarded tone. "Doctah able reptyle."

fiah ob it." "That's right, Unc' Jefferson, Good night, and thank you for coming." She started back to the house, when

"Mis' Shirley, yo' don' keer ef de ole man geddahs two er three ob dem roses? Seems lak young mars' moughty fon' ob dem. He got one in

er glass but et's mos' daid now." "Wait a minute," she said, and disappeared in the darkness, returning



"I'm Tempted to Stay Sick and Do

Nothing but Eat." quickly with a handful which she put in his grasp.

"There!" she whispered, and slipped back through the perfumed dark. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

BROADDUS

Fresh Meats, Corn and Dried Beef

FRESH AND SMOKED TONGUES All Refrigerator Meats

PHONE 39 RESIDENCE PHONE 239

134 2d St., Richmond, Ky.

Boot and Shoe REPAIRING! By Coffey Bros

At Parrish's Livery Stable

All work done with Neatness and Dispatch. Prices Most Reasonable and SATISFACTION GUARANTEED!

began to cut and dress the long stalks of the flowers. This done she fetched bowls and vases, and set the pearly.

"Yes," said Mrs. Dandridge after a pause. "I—knew his father."

At Madison County Poultry Show, Dec. 10-18, 1913, we won 1st and 2nd Cock, 1st and 2nd Hen; 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th Cock.

Shirley said no more, and facing and 2nd Hen; 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th Cock. white clumps here and there—on the each other in the candle-glow, across rel. Our first pen is headed by "Kentucky



(Conducted by the National Woman's

CHIEF FACTOR IN NATIONAL DE-

GENERACY. A wave of degeneracy is sweeping the land, and its development threatens the physical vitality of the nation. Within a period of 50 years the population of the United States increased 330 per cent., while the number of insane and feeble-minded increased 950 Committee of Congress Expected to per cent.

What is the cause of this degeneracy? A hundred different intermediate agencies may contribute to the undoing of the race, but back of them all stands alcohol as the chief degen- of the senate and house, with Senator erative factor. Statistics compiled by Bourne, Oregon (the father of the the leading insurance companies, and parcel post bill) chairman, is now inpresented by Sir T. P. Whitaker in a the population at large, 440 are due to ject. The main subject under invesalcohol. This would mean a mortality tigation at present is the manner in from alcohol in the United States of

680,000 a year. The great burden of drink is not parents suffer from some functional or organic disease. If this percentage cannot live, but here we show threeander MacNicholl.

STRIKES FROM THE SHOULDER.

(From an Address of MORRIS SHEP-PARD, Before the Texas Legislature After His Election as United States

Senator.) The liquor traffic is a peril to so-

public, a new radiance for the flag.

TROUBLE-MAKER A Pittsburgh paper tells us that sylvania was behind prison bars in 1911. Out of 707 prisoners receiving penitentiary sentence 80 per cent. were drinkers. Out of 10,607 prisoncombined armies of Meade and Lee of rods to either axle of a wagon or at Gettysburg in 1863. The vast majority of them are the victims of John Barleycorn. One person out of every 45 in Father Penn's dominion is dependent either as a lunatic, pauper

or criminal." The drink traffic produces criminals, paupers, dependents and undesirables generally. The state pays the bills. The twentieth century taxpayer is waking up to the situation. He-and she-is moving to "put the liquor business out of the government and the government out of the liquor busi-

ONE EXCEPTION.

Legitimate industries favorably afbind him; from the butcher, and the cut down the sides of the track. A. Hopkins, Ph. D.

ALCOHOL AS ASHES.

ment or adaptation of food properties; out of twelve; from the time they dry it is the creature of destruction, ob- up in the spring until about June they the natural properties of the subject. they are so full of "chuck holes" as table or a case for an organ or piano. | wagon. By the use of Mr. Taylor's wise alcohol is the ashes of the fruit, smooth after the passing of the ve barley or corn,



GOVERNMENT AID FOR ROADS

Make Favorable Report on Highways Measure.

The question of federal aid for good roads looms large. A joint committee vestigating the entire subject with report to the British parliament, show every likelihood of a report being subthat out of every 1,000 deaths among mitted favorable to the general prowhich federal aid when finally forthcoming shall be distributed, whether to the states according to their popuborne by the drinker, but by the drink. lation, their area or the mileage of ers' children. In our studies among their highways. In a recent magazine school children in New York city we article Senator Bourne expressed himfind that 62 per cent. are the children self as favorable to a plan which of drinking parents, and that 91 per shall combine all three of these elecent, of these children of drinking ments, inasmuch as it would not be fair to grant more aid to Rhode Island, for instance, than to Iowa, although holds good over the entire country the population of the former state is there are 13,000,000 children of a much larger than that of the latter; school age that are afflicted with func- or more aid to Nevada, for instance, tional and organic diseases, and fess than to Nebraska, although the former than two and a half millions of these state is much larger in area than the are free from hereditary alcohol taint, latter; or to some state which has A nation half diseased and half well already solved the good roads problem by thousands of miles of good fifths of the rising generation mentally roads, leaving a state with impassable and physically diseased .- Dr. L. Alex. highways suffering because of lack of

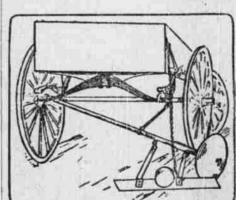
the necessary aid. With federal and and state aid both imminent, an impetus is being given to road building greater than ever before. The statement is made that \$500,000 a day is being spent for good roads in this country, but the general consensus of opinion is that until clety because it undermines the within the last year or two results health, the strength, and the integrity commensurate with this immense exof man. It is a source of danger to penditure have not been secured. posterity because the alcoholic taint There is a feeling all over the country foredooms the unborn millions to de- that road building must be made as generacy and to disease. I shall op- systematic and as scientific as railpose this scourge until my arm can road building, hence the movement strike no longer and my tongue can for a state highway commission with speak no more. I shall oppose it be plenary powers and scientific supercause I hear the cries of children who vision by expert engineers. Congress are hungering for bread. I shall op- has already appropriated \$500,000, to pose it because I see a mother's be distributed \$10,000 to each state, wasted face, her pale lips pleading for improvement of stretches of road with the besotted figure at her side. over which rural free deliveries I shall oppose it because I see the operate regularly. The results of staggering forms of men whose trem- this appropriation will go a long way bling hands hold but the ashes of to show whether or not the federal their strength and pride. I shall op- government will be justified in makpose it because it mocks all manhood ing still greater appropriations and in and makes of woman's virtue a com- going still more extensively into this modity of the slums. I shall oppose important subject. The secretary of it because I see its battle line out agriculture and the postmaster-genstretched across the globe, threaten- eral have both been ordered to loan ing the pure, the true, the good. I their influence to the investigation, to shall oppose it because its abolition the end that actual facts may be sewill mean a new stability for the re- cured so that road building may be

GOOD ROAD-MAKING DEVICE

carried on in a practical manner.

one person out of every 95 in Penn- Machine Invented by Idaho Man Is Simple in Construction-Fills Holes, Smoothing Road.

A road-making device for road ers sentenced to serve time in jails building has been invented and patand workhouses over 85 per cent. ented by Hugh G. Taylor of Buhl, were drinkers. Out of 3,670 persons Idaho. The machine is simple in consentenced to the Allegheny workhouse struction; it is a drag, constructed of in 1912, 92 per cent. were drinkers. a piece of sheet metal four feet long, Father Penn's children who are defour inches wide by a quarter of an pendent wholly or in part for support inch thick, says a writer in the Westupon the taxpayers outnumber the ern Farmer. It is attached by means



Road-Making Device

fect each other. The liquor traffic buggy, and drags immediately behind unfavorably affects them all. The more the wheel, smoothing the track and it flourishes, the more they must de inclining loose dirt toward the center cline. Its profits are taken from the of the road-bed. At the outer end of merchant, and the manufacturers be the drag is a disk which serves to

cattle raisers behind him; from the Mr. Taylor has one of these mafarmer, the miller, the baker, the chines attached to his mountain hack, builder, the shoemaker, the printer, and it attracts a great deal of attenthe teacher, and the preacher. Every tion. Good road advocates in southhonest producer suffers from it. The ern Idaho are enthusiastic about the country suffers from it. More than low machine; it has been proposed by tariff, or high tariff, or no tariff at all, them that the county commissioners it depreciates American industry.—A. buy them in large lots and let them out to every farmer who will agree to use them, rebating the user on his

road tax. In the production of alcoholic drinks It is a well-known fact that the the raw material is destroyed. Alco- roads of southern Idaho are in a hol is not the outcome of a develop- frightful condition for nine months tainable only by the destruction of are in fair condition, but after that A log of wood may be developed, al- to render them discouraging to a light tered or adapted so as to produce a rig driving fast, or to a heavily loaded Put the log into the fire, and all that chuck hole filler this can be eliminated will be left of it is ashes. So like -it fills all holes, leaving the road

Welcomes New Industries

Please Give Us A Trial Job.

THIS TOWN A DVERTISING Is

Welcomes New Industries the Huphen That At Madison County Poultry Show, Dec. and Supports Home In- Brings Buyer and Seller Together.